Vol. VIII. Numb. 71

# THE OBSERVATOR.

*On the Siege of* Mons, *and the falſe Hopes of the Faction from the* French *Army, and the Courage of the Pretender. The Vanity of their Expectations to ſee him on the* Britiſh *Throne. Their Artifice in redoubling their Clamour of the Church's Danger, by new Pamphlets, &c. and erecting the old Batteries of Paſſive-Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance. The Frivouſneſs of their Hopes from the expiring of the Alliance betwixt the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy. On the acting of* The unhappy Favourite; or, The Earl of *Eſſex, by the Comedians.*

From Saturday, October 1. to Wednesday, October 5. 1709.

*Obſ.* WHAT News from Abroad, *Roger?* How does the Siege of *Mons* go on?

*Country-m.* The publick News ſays it goes on as well as could be expected, Maſter; nay, to Admiration, conſidering the rainy Seaſon, and the marſhy Situation of the Town; for we have taken ſeveral of their Outworks, with the Men that were in them, ſome of their Mills, Guns, *&c.* ſo that there's Hopes we ſhall be Maſters of the Place in a little Time, if the Rains don't prevent it.

*Obſ.* And what are the brave and victorious *French*, as our Faction calls them, a doing, *Roger?* Do they look on patiently, while they ſee a Place of that Importance in Danger? If they do, it does not very well anſwer their Accounts of the late Battel, and the mighty Courage of their Troops they valu'd themſelves upon; eſpecially if they be as ſtrong as before the Battel, which they are very earneſt to have us believe.

*Country-m.* O! but the Faction have an Excuſe for that, Maſter. The *French*, they ſay, will let us waſte our Men, and throw as many of them away againſt ſtrong Walls, and other Fortifications, as we pleaſe, while they lie ſtill, watch their Opportunities, and ſave their Men; and perhaps the Seaſon may relieve the Town, without their running any Risk.

*Obſ.* That Pretence is eaſily ſeen thro', *Roger*; ſince they ventur'd ſo much to prevent the Siege, they would certainly have attempted to raiſe it, before we had made ſuch Advances, and intrench'd our Army to cover the Beſiegers, had they been in a Condition to attempt it, or were their numerous Army in ſuch Heart as they affect to give out. This looks, *Roger*, as if they had very *much Reſpect for our Troops*, according to their own Phraſe; which, in plain *Engliſh*, is a Sign that they dread them, and don't care to give us an Oppo tunity of a ſecond Engagement; therefore they take the ſafer Method, which is to intrench themſelves up to the Teeth, and to make Lines to cover their Country from our Incurſions during the Winter. But pray, *Roger*, how go Things towards *Dauphine* and *Savoy?*

*Country-m.* The publick News ſay the Campaign is at an End on that Side, Maſter, as well as the Alliance betwixt the Emperor and the Duke of *Savoy*; but the Confederate Miniſters are doing all they can to renew that Alliance.

*Obſ.* I don't love thoſe ſhort-liv'd Alliances, *Roger*, but hope the other Confederates will take effectual Care, that no Member be ſuffer'd to go off, 'till the common Intereſt be ſecur'd: and that thoſe who furniſh Money towards it, will ſee that they have a Penny-worth for their Penny.

*Country-m.* The Faction raiſe their Creſt very high, Maſter, upon the Expiration of that Branch of the Alliance, and the great Reputation which they ſay their pretended King has got in the late Battel. This they boaſt much of; and, if we believe them, he is own'd by ſome of our ſelves to be the fineſt Gentleman in *Europe*; ſo that they are big with Hopes of ſeeing him yet upon the *Britiſh* Throne.

*Obſ.* They have fed themſelves with falſe Hopes for more than twenty Years paſt, *Roger*; but if they were capable of Thought, they would certainly conclude, that their Expectations have leſs Foundation now, than ever. Bleſſed be God, *Roger*, the Succeſs of the Confederate Arms has been ſuch, that the cunningeſt of thoſe who were indifferent before, whether we had a Popiſh or a Proteſtant Succeſſor, muſt now be convinc'd, that the Cauſe of *St. Germains* is deſperate, *Lewis* the XIVth is not able to ſupport himſelf, nor his Grandſon, and far leſs able to impoſe the Pretender upon us, except we draw him upon our ſelves. Let him be as brave as he will, we have thoſe in the Proteſtant Entail, that won't be afraid to look him in the Face, either with or without barricado'd Woods, and treble Intrenchments. However ſlight ſome People may make of the Proteſtant Succeſſion, and with whatever Views they enter'd into it, we have no Reaſon to doubt but it will make its Way. If impregnable Towns, formidable and well-diſciplin'd Armies, commanded by brave and vigilant Generals, have not been able to hold it out, the demoliſh'd Intrenchments of Paſſive-Obedience, and the ruinous Lines of Non-Reſiſtance, which ſome are as induſtrious to caſt up among us, as the *French* are to caſt up their Intrenchments and Lines in *Flanders*, will never be able to do it. They could not keep the ſuppos'd Father upon his Throne, and are leſs capable of bringing his pretended Son to mount it. The *Britiſh* Nation will always remember how much their Liberties, Lives, Eſtates and Religion, were endanger'd by the two Popiſh Queen *Marys* of *England* and *Scotland*, and the Popiſh King *James* of *Great Britain*; which is enough to keep them from venturing on a fourth Experiment of the ſame Nature. The Proteſtant Family, upon whom our Succeſſion is entail'd, is too wiſe and powerful to be made *Dupes*; nay, were there nothing in that, *Roger*, the very Party, who are for the Pretender, would run him off the Stage, if they had him, without any Help, but their own. This Nation knows too much of the Sweets of Religion and Liberty, to ſubmit tamely again to Popery and Slavery; nay, the Faction themſelves, as ſoon as the Popiſh Prieſts ſhould begin to touch a Tail of their Tithe-Pigs, would make 'em ſqueak loud enough to be heard at *Hannover*, as they did formerly to be heard at the *Hague*. Or if they ſhould not, *Roger*, but enter into a Contract with their elder Brethren the Papiſts, to divide the Spoils betwixt them, and ſet up one at *Lambeth*, whom they might call as in the Days of *Laud*, *Æternum Reverendiſſime Præſul, et Sanctitas Veſtra*, i. e. Eternally moſt Reverend Prelate, and your Holineſs, to ſhare the Pontifical Authority with the Whore of *Babylon*. There are honeſt People enough in the Nation, who would invite over the Proteſtant Succeſſor for them. Bleſſed be God, we have an Arch-biſhop of another Stamp now, who would not accept a Cardinal's Cap from *Rome* on any Terms, tho' it appear'd by *Laud*'s own Diary, and his Life writ by his Chaplain *Heylin*, that

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t'e Patriarch of the High-Church would have accepted it with all his Heart, could he and the Pope have agreed on the Conditions. The real Danger of the Church, would in that Caſe have a much louder Echo, *Roger*, and a quite other Effect, than the falſe Clamour of its Danger has at preſent by an implacable and ſenſeleſs Faction, who are the only Perſons that endanger it themſelves, yet they have now again ſet up their *Rehearſal Reviv'd*, their *General Poſtſcript*, and Pamphlets upon Pamphlets, to ſound the Allarm through the Nation, as if it were in Danger by others, wherein they have the Impudence to give both the Queen and Parliament the Lie.

*Country-m.* But what do you ſay, Maſter, to the Hopes which the Faction have conceiv'd from the Expiration of the League betwixt the Emperor and the Duke of *Savoy*?

*Olf.* That's like the reſt of the broken Reeds they have always lean'd upon, *Roger*, tho' let it pierce their Hands ever ſo often, they will believe nothing of it, 'till they be ſtruck to the Heart. That Prince is too wiſe not to know, that he can never be ſafe but in the common Bottom; he cannot yet have forgot how the *French* over-ran his Dominions, chas'd his Family out of their Country, and miſs'd very little of taking his Capital; he knows very well, that neither Blood nor Alliance is regarded by the *French* Court; he has found too much of it in his own Experience, ſo that we need not put him in Mind how they treated his Anceſtors; therefore, *Roger*, we are not to doubt but the Interpoſition and Guarantee of *Great Britain* and *Holland*, will eaſily make up all Differences betwixt the Emperor and him: The Confederate Money and Aſſiſtance, and the Advantag s he has had, and may have from them, are ſtronger Arguments, and a better Security, than any the *French* King is capable to offer him; ſo that I hope we may be eaſy as to that Matter, *Roger*.

*Country-m.* Our Play-houſes go on with Vigor again, Maſter; pray what do you think of it? They are now for acting Tragedies, and to come off in Coach. There's one of their Advertiſements, Maſter, That on the 4th of *October* is to be preſented a Play call'd *The unhappy Favourite*, or *The Earl of Eſſex*; the Part of Queen *Elizabeth* is to be perform'd by Mrs. *Barry*, &c. and 'tis to conclude with a Farce call'd *The Stage-Coach*. Pray give me your Thoughts of it, Maſter.

*Olf.* I think, *Roger*, her Majeſty's Comedians, as they call themſelves, have a great deal of Aſſurance, to make ſo bold with one of her moſt glorious Predeceſſors; but we know there's a Party among us, who have all along been endeavouring to bring that Reign into Contempt, becauſe it was an Enemy to Popery and Paſſive-Obedience. Queen *Elizabeth* took too much Care to ſupport the Intereſt of the Reformation Abroad, to aſſiſt oppreſs'd Subjects againſt their tyrannical Princes in *France*, *Holland*, and *Scotland*, and to ſecure a Proteſtant Succeſſor to be the Darling of the Faction who call themſelves the old Church, tho' it be plain from their running Counter to the Principles and Practices of the Church of *England* in thoſe Days, who approv'd what ſhe did, and gave her Subſidies to aſſiſt thoſe diſtreſs'd Subjects againſt their oppreſſive Sovereigns, that they are the Innovators, and that what they call the Low-Church, is the old Church; but if they will be acting Tragedies, and expoſing Favourites, why don't they lay the Scene Abroad? I can recommend them to ſeveral very good Subjects in *France*, the Land of Slavery, which were fitter for their Purpoſe; tho' I think mock Tragedies a very odd Sort of Diverſion, now when our Neighbours ſuffer ſo much by Sword, Famine, and Peſtilence, and that the Cries of our ſtarving Poor ſound ſo loud in our Ears. It were better, methinks, that the Money thrown away upon Plays, ſhould be employ'd to buy Bread for thoſe that want it.

*Country-m.* But pray, Maſter, what's the Subject you would give them from *France*?

*Olf.* 'Tis *Galigai* and her Husband, the Mareſchal *d'Ancre*, *Roger*, who were Favourites to Queen *Mary de Medicis*, Regent of *France*. *Galigai*, *Vaſſor* informs us in his Hiſtory of *Lewis* the XIIIth was a perfect *Virago*, who commanded her Miſtreſs: She rais'd her Husband, who was a poor Rake, to overtop the Princes of the Blood, and all the Nobility, and to be a Mareſchal, tho' he never ſaw a Battel. She and he divided all the chief Poſts, and the Treaſury of the Kingdom, betwixt themſelves and their Dependants, manag'd War and Peace as they thought fit, fawn'd upon the Proteſtant Princes and Lords, in order to deſtroy them, and ſuch Princes of the Blood, as were near to the Succeſſion. *Galigai* was ſo inſolent, that when her Husband was ſenſible of his Danger, by his haughty Carriage to the Princes and Nobles, and would have retir'd with his ill-gotten Treaſure to *Italy*, his native Country, ſhe call'd him *Poltroon*, to think of deſerting the Queen, who had rais'd him, and threw Plates at his Face now and then on the Account of Miſſes, and other domeſtick Quarrels. In a Word, *Roger*, ſhe kept him up in his Inſolence, 'till the Princes, and others who were no longer able to endure him, cut him off.

*Country-m.* Why truly, Maſter, I think that were a much fitter Subject for our Tragedy-Mongers than to expoſe the Reign of a Princeſs, who was the Glory of her Age, and lay'd the Foundation of the *Engliſh* Grandeur. The Lewdneſs and tyrannical Intrigues of *French* Popiſh Courts and Favourites, were a more becoming Subject in a Proteſtant Country, eſpecially in the Reign of a Queen who has ſo much out-done Queen *Elizabeth* in Glory, Succeſs, Moderation, and Meaſures of Government, and according to her Example, makes all her good Subjects her Favourites and Darlings, and beſtows her particular Favours upon diſtinguiſhing Merit.

## Advertiſements.

☞ The Royal Decoction, or a never-fail Diet-Drink againſt the Venereal Diſeaſe. Its wonderful Efficacy is ſuch, that any Patient may be thereby moſt effectually cur'd, be it of never ſo long ſtanding, and aggravated by ineffectual Salivations, and the Body be covered with Scabs, Ulcers, Blotches, and the Legs with Holes, all the Limbs with moſt excruciating Pains, the Palate eaten away, and the Noſe fallen in, &c. This Anti-venereal Decoction eaſes all the Venereal Pains in 8 Days, and in 30 Days perfects the whole Cure, and that without the Uſe of Mercury. The Gentleman, who alone prepares this Decoction, offers to enter into an Engagement from 100 to 500 Pounds, for the Performance of what he promiſes, if any Patient, tho' diſcourag'd by other Practitioners, will come to his Houſe, he will furniſh them with Neceſſaries, as well as Phyſick, for 8 Days, and if by that time he is not ſatisfy'd that he may be perfectly cur'd, he is free to leave it, without paying any thing for Lodging, Diet or Phyſick. The Taſte of this Decoction is ſo pleaſant, and the Operation ſo kind to Nature, that big-belly'd Women and Sucklings are daily cur'd with it at all the Seaſons of the Year. The Doctor or his Wife are to be ſpoken with at all ſeaſonable Hours, at the Hand and Urinal, over against a little Turn-ſtile in high Holborn, (late the D. of Leeds's) N.B. The Bill at large is to be ſeen hanging up in the Royal Exchange, London.

☞ Juſt publiſh'd, ☜

QUACKERY UNMASK'D, being a rational and effectual Anſwer to Mr. Marten's Treatiſe of the Venereal Diſeaſe, its Apperdix, &c. publiſhing which, as appears by the Gazette of the 30th of July, rowſtands indicted) and the charitable Surgeon. Sold (Price 1 s.) by D. Brown without Temple-Bar, G. Strahan in Cornhill, J. Woodward in St. Chriſtopher's Church-yard, B. Barker in Weſtminſter-Hall, Booke ſellers; and by the Author, Dr. Spinke, at his Houſe, the Golden Ball in the dark Paſſage, three Doors beyond the Sun Tavern in Honey-Lane Market, Cheapſide. Where alſo may be had, ☞ ANTIVENEREAL-PILLS, &c. (the moſt powerful Medicines for that Diſeaſe known) Price 3 s the Box, with Directions.

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